

LIFE

EASTER

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•LIFE•

APRIL 7,
1900.



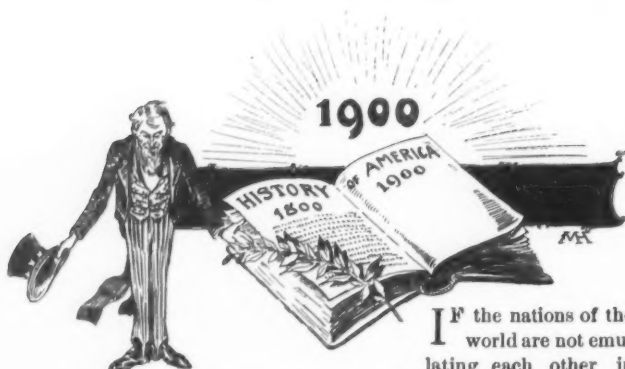
NO REASON TO DOUBT IT.

"ARE YOU SURE YOU LOVE MY DAUGHTER?"

"WELL, SHE SEEMS TO THINK SO, SIR, AND SHE HAS HAD LOTS OF
EXPERIENCE WITH YOUNG MEN, YOU KNOW."

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An Easter Sermon.



IF the nations of the world are not emulating each other in various deeds, it is from no lack of precept, or of expostulation on their neighbors' parts. The amount of political preaching done in the last three years has been equaled only by the high moral tone of the preachers, and by the amazing nobility of their sentiments. Such clarion notes of mingled denunciation and self-esteem have sounded so shrilly from shore to shore that the din of it all is just a trifle confusing. We no longer feel cocksure who are the wicked oppressors, and who are the saintly oppressed.

How exalted was our domestic indignation not so very long ago at the misrule of the Spaniards in Cuba! How beautiful the language we heard from pulpit and platform and press! "Old-world tyranny." "Heroic struggle of a downtrodden people for national existence!" "Sacred cause of freedom!" "Divine rights of humanity!"—and much more to the same effect. It was simply grand while it lasted, and when, for obvious reasons, it couldn't last any longer, a beneficent Providence saved us from introspection by winding up the incomparable Dreyfus case, so that the whole English-speaking world should have a chance to exalt itself at the expense of France. The Anglo-Saxon, to do him justice, did not lightly throw away this opportunity. More in sorrow than in anger, he pointed out the contrast between the perfidy of the Gaul and his own splendid rectitude. He sighed in England, and he groaned in America, over the rottenness of that fair land which never has appreciated at its true worth the admirable example set by the nobler race. He prophesied speedy ruin for the misguided French; he proposed—though faintly—excluding himself and his handiwork from the promised Exposition; he enjoyed, as only the Anglo-Saxon can enjoy, the exquisite delight of being better than his neighbor, and of expressing without diffidence his sense of superiority.

And now? Well, now the situation has broadened. One hears the same sentiments, but with varied applications. "Heroic struggle of the Filipinos for national existence!" (Sympathy of England, France and Germany.) "Heroic struggle of the Boers for national existence!" (Sympathy of America, France and Germany.) "Sacred cause of Freedom trodden under foot by the great Republic which has ever proclaimed itself the champion of Independence." (Extract from Radical English journal.) "Sacred cause of Freedom trodden under foot by the ruthless Monarchy which seeks ever its own aggrandizement." (Extract from ardent American

journal.) "Humanity robbed of its inalienable rights by the rapacity of the United States and Great Britain." (Extract from French journal, taking its turn—and why not?—to be virtuous.) "Oppression of the weak by the strong!" (Chorus of every land, including Russia. China listens amazed.)

If any one would like to preach an Easter sermon, sure to be unpopular and unfruitful, he might take for his text that admirable sarcasm uttered long ago by one who must have seen a vast deal of human nature before he retired to his monastery:

"In judging others, a man usually toileth in vain. For the most part he is mistaken, and he easily sinneth. But in judging and scrutinizing himself, he always laboreth with profit."

Agnes Repplier.

Overheard in a Garden.



THE Lily whispered to the Rose:
 "The Tulip's fearfully stuck up.
 "You'd think to see the creature's pose
 "She were a golden altar cup.
 "There's method in her boldness, too,
 "She catches twice her share of Dew."



The Rose into the Tulip's ear
Murmured: "The Lily is a sight;
"Don't you believe she *powders*, dear,
"To make herself so saintly white?
"She takes some trouble, it is plain,
"Her reputation to sustain."



Said Tulip to the Lily white:
"About the Rose—what do you think?—
"Her color? Should you say it's quite—
"Well, quite a natural shade of pink?"
"Natural!" the Lily cried; "Good Saints!
"Why, *everybody* knows she paints!"

Oliver Herford.

Of Course He Wasn't Vain.



THEY had discussed the matter before, but the day of the christening was close at hand and they had not yet decided what they should call the baby.

"Of course," he said, "it isn't vanity that makes me want to call him by my own name—Jehiel—but it was the name borne by my father and by his father before him."

"That's true, Jehiel, dear," she replied, "and it's a good Scripture name, but you yourself have often said it wasn't very pretty. Why not call him after your Uncle John? He might remember baby in his will."

"John is too common, dear, and I never could abide the nickname 'Jack.'"

"We might call him Andrew, after papa."

"I don't know what your parent has ever done for us that we should perpetuate his name."

"That's not at all kind of you, dear. You know I married you against papa's wishes. Suppose we don't call him after anybody but just

give him a nice, distinguished name—Reginald, for instance."

"Hu! Whoever heard of a Reginald that ever amounted to anything outside of a novel?"

"How would Algernon do?"

"Too fancy."

"I think Leopold is a nice name."

"Too Dutch."

"Don't you think Walter is pretty?"

"Aha! And so you'd like to call my son after that google-eyed idiot you were engaged to before I met you!"

"He isn't the only Walter in the world. Suppose we give him a classical name and call him Augustus."

"Why don't you burden the poor child with Julius Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Pompeius, Sextus, and have done with it?"

"I always liked Francis."

"Too much like a girl."

"What do you think of David?"

"Might just as well call him Moses, Isaac or Abraham"

"Richard?"

"And have him nicknamed Dick?"

"Oh, dear,—I can't think of anything else. Oh, yes! Let's call him Aubrey. That's so unusual and is so nice to pronounce."

"I never knew but one Aubrey and he borrowed ten dollars from me and never paid it back. Aubrey won't do."

"But I can't think of any more. Why don't you suggest something?"

"I did."

"What?"

"Jehiel."

And Jehiel it was. *Metcalfe.*

"I'VE just got a terrible doctor's bill."

"What difference does it make. He cured you."

"But I wish he hadn't now."

"OH, Mac, did you see Mrs. Giddie's hat?"

"Why, of course I did. She sat only five pews back of me."



"OH, NURSE, WHAT SHALL I DO? I DROPPED MY PENNY IN THE BATH-TUB, AND IT'S GONE DOWN ITS WINDPIPE!"

A Mayonnaise Maiden.

SHE came downstairs all decked in green,
And I would fain have told her
She was the daintiest thing I'd seen—
If only I'd been bolder.

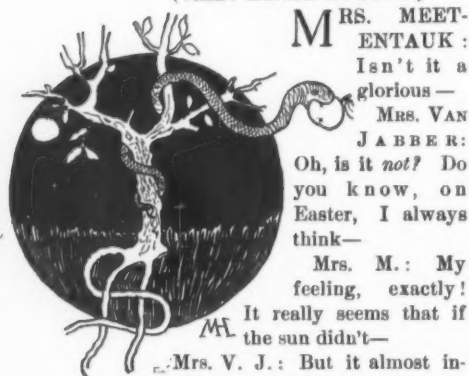
Comparisons are odious,
And yet I found relief
In telling her she looked to us
Just like a lettuce leaf.

"Ah, now I know," she said, half shy,
As if a fault confessing,
"The reason why I had to spend
So much time on the dressing." M. D. E.

An Endless Chain Of—

(SCENE: THE CHURCH ENTRANCE.)

(TIME: EASTER MORNING.)



MRS. MEET-
ENTAUK:

Isn't it a
glorious—

MRS. VAN
JABBER:

Oh, is it *not*? Do
you know, on
Easter, I always
think—

Mrs. M.: My
feeling, exactly!

It really seems that if
the sun didn't—

Mrs. V. J.: But it almost in-
variably *does*! In fact, the very
atmosphere—

Mrs. M.: Yes. You'd actually think
the clerk of—

Mrs. V. J.: The guardian angels must—

Mrs. M.: It so *rarely* happens that we
cannot wear our—

Mrs. V. J.: And yours is really a
beauty, *most* becoming! It sets off—

Mrs. M.: I was just about to say the
same of—



NOW, LET ME SEE, WHAT DID I PUT THAT
THERE FOR?

Mrs. V. J.: That's lovely of you, I'm
sure! Are you waiting for—

Mrs. M.: Yes. It looks so neglectful,
if one does not—

Mrs. V. J.: I *never* neglect it, espe-
cially as Dr. Soothem is such a—

Mrs. M.: Oh, he is, indeed. Few men
are more so. I was saying to Mrs. Nod-
dem this morning—

Mrs. V. J.: But, my dear! Have you
heard about her—

Mrs. M.: I heard it *weeks* ago! Still,
you know, common charity—

Mrs. V. J.: But who could believe
that a woman of her—

Mrs. M.: My dear, she hasn't any stand-
ing. It is her money alone that gives—

Mrs. V. J.: Still, that is a great power
when it is—

Mrs. M.: Yes, *when*! But with per-
sons like—

Mrs. V. J.: Too true! There goes
that tall McStairin girl, and in her
shadow as usual—

Mrs. M.: Dear, dear me! Whatever
he can see in *her*—

Mrs. V. J.: Yes, isn't it? My Hilde-
garde can't endure—

Mrs. M.: Of course she can't. *All*
the girls are wild with—

Mrs. V. J.: Ah, here *comes* Doctor
Soothem! Doctor, do let me grasp
your—

Mrs. M.: And I must, too! Thank
you so much for—

DOCTOR SOOTHEM: Don't mention it.
If I have been the poor means of—

Mrs. V. J.: You surely have! Your
Easter sermon always—

Mrs. M.: Oh, dear Doctor, always!
It never fails to—

Mrs. V. J.: And we carry forth into
the world that chastened spirit—

Mrs. M.: So uplifting! It makes one
think— *Good morning*!

Mrs. V. J.: So glad to have had—
Delightful man! But he is always in
a—

Mrs. M.: Oh, well, I think he is in a
hurry, now, because he is trying to es-
cape that awful Mrs. Clutchem. I wonder
why women are—

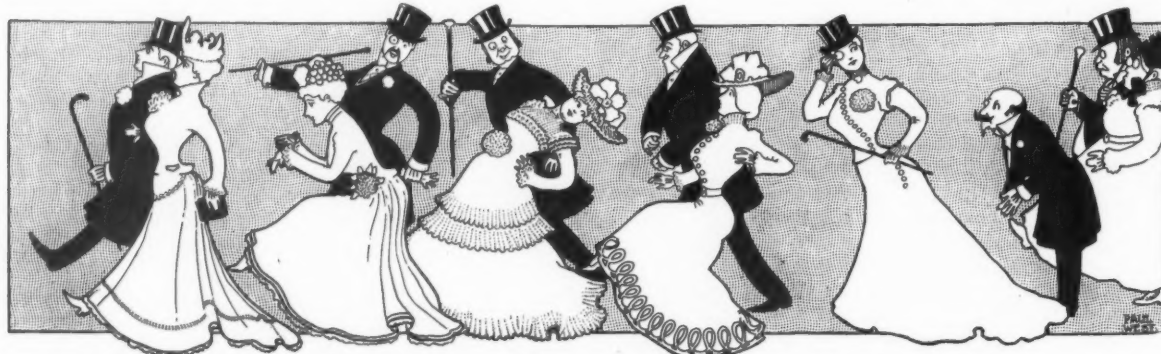
Mrs. V. J.: Isn't it tiring? But I
must leave you, dearie. My husband
is—

Mrs. M.: And so is mine. You must
be sure to—

Mrs. V. J.: Oh, I shall, very soon, and
you must—

Mrs. M.: Oh, I will, some day next—

Madeline Bridges.



AS SOCIETY HAS GONE IN FOR THE CAKEWALK THIS SEASON, WHY NOT APPLY THE FAD TO THE EASTER MORNING PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE?
SOMETHING ON THIS STYLE!



Chorister: I THINK MUSIC HELPS RELIGION.
The Clergyman (reflectively): NO DOUBT—NO DOUBT; AND THEN AGAIN, WE NEED RELIGION TO HELP US BEAR UP UNDER SOME MUSIC.

Utopia Up-to-Date.

"A H!" said the traveler from Europe, in 2098, as he stepped out of the end of the pneumatic tube through which he had been shot, in seven minutes, from Buda-Pesth to Chicago, "here I am at last in the land of liberty and equality!" He drew a deep breath—for the pneumatic compartment had been close, and immediately a voice at his elbow said sternly, "Here! that isn't allowed!"

"What isn't allowed?" inquired the traveler, nervously, as he surveyed the individual who spoke—a man dressed in dust-brown, ill-fitting garments, with a brass tag hanging around his neck marked "101,725 P."

"Taking so much breath out of the mouths of other people!" returned the policeman—for such he was. "This is the land of equal rights; no approach to monopoly allowed; so take the regular allowance of air and no more!"

The traveler obeyed meekly. "Where can I get a cab?" he asked.

"There are no cabs in Chicago," the policeman answered coldly. "As all the people cannot afford to ride in cabs, and as equality is the basis of life, there are no equipages of any kind, except trolley cars and wheelbarrows. Where do you want to go?"

"To the best hotel, whatever that may be," returned the European.

"There are no hotels in Chicago either," said the policeman, more sternly than ever. "The people cannot all patronize hotels, so none are allowed. You can go to the municipal lodging-hall,



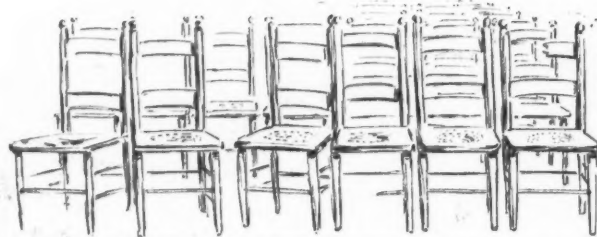
"I RESEMBLE THE LATE MISTER BEECHER."

SAID THIS WONDERFUL MASCULINE CREECHER.

SHE THEN STARTED CLASSES

TO LIFT UP THE MASSES

AT WHICH VACANT CHAIRS WERE A FEECHER.



Charles R. Darrow



"A DOG CATCHER."

where a bed in the travelers' ward will be allotted you, and the municipal eating-hall will be open at half-past six tomorrow morning for breakfast."

"Is there no private house where I can lodge?" asked the traveler, rather agitated at the prospect opening before him, for he was not a man of Spartan tastes.

"There are no private houses at all in Chicago," said the policeman; "the families are arranged by tens, and live around a court where the heating

and lighting and household work are carried on by machinery. The same dinner is cooked all over the city every day at noon," he went on, evidently dilating to his theme, "and just so many garments of similar pattern are washed every week in every court."

"But how can that be?" said the bewildered European. "Suppose that one family has ten children in it, and another only two?"

"All families are equal, and contain four children," returned the instructive



"WHEN DID THE FLY FLY?"
"WHEN THE SPIDER SPIED HER."



of his unprogressive European existence.

P. Leonard.

Arms and the Man.

AS by the deep ravine they passed,
She cried with timid qualm,
"Oh, grasp my waist and hold me fast
With your protecting arm!"

'Tis gospel truth, or strike me dead,
Not told for love of rhyme—
"My arm—your waist! My dear," he said,
"It's been there all the time!"

Witnessed by

Marguerite Merington.

policeman. "If one man has ten children, the State takes six of them and distributes them where they are needed."

"But your rich men?" said the traveler.

"We have no rich men," said the policeman. "There cannot be any, for there is no private property. Each citizen works eight hours a day, paid in meals, clothes and trolley-car tickets. Everybody dresses alike, eats alike and lives alike. The governing officials are chosen by lot every month, and never serve twice. Thus every citizen in the whole State is sure of one term of office."

"Surely your educated classes—" began the European.

"We have none," was the policeman's reply. "All children are educated exactly alike. And, as the higher education is not possible for all minds, it is not allowed to any. An aristocracy of brains is, of all ideas, the most hateful to true democracy."

The traveler gasped. "Can I get a drink anywhere?" he said, feebly.

"The State gives each man a drink with his meals," said the impressive

policeman. "You show your tag, and that entitles you to one glass of beer."

"But I prefer wine!" remonstrated the traveler.

"There is not enough wine for all," said the policeman, "therefore all must drink beer. In a land of perfect equality there is no place whatever for choice or desirable things. For, as you can readily understand, the things that no one especially wants are the only things that everybody can have."

But the traveler did not hear this last bit of wisdom. He had run back wildly into the pneumatic tube, and was already halfway back to the inequalities

Omnia Vanitatum.

IT grieved her to see that the world was so vain—

That man was but Vanity's slave;

It tortured her soul with such rancorous pain

That she yearned for the peace of the grave.

So she fled to the forest and laid herself down

To die 'mid the loneliness there,
But she had to get up and go back to the town,

For the crimp had come out of her hair.

Willis B. Hawkins.

A Commonplace Fable.

ONCE there were Two Small boys, Alcibiades and Cornelius, and one day Alcibiades urged Cornelius to Steal a Watermelon from a neighboring Patch. Cornelius did So, and when they Were in a Safe Place Alcibiades said: "You would Never have taken the Watermelon if I had not Thought of It; moreover, I am Bigger than you, so I shall Eat the Fruit, but you may Have what I leave on the Rind."

This Event so soured the Disposition of Cornelius that he became a College professor and wrote Books on Ethics.

Alcibiades, on the Other hand, became a Philanthropist, and has acquired a Large reputation for Liberality, and although he is Very charitable he seems to get Richer All the Time.

This should Teach us that If we are Truly observant we Can learn from Straws which way the Wind Blows.



"MY DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK ISABEL IS GETTING A LITTLE TOO TALL FOR THAT FROCK?"



His Idea.

SHE: I have been thinking over our wedding, dear, and our future life.

HE: And have you got everything arranged?

SHE: Everything! You know how methodical I am and how I like to plan ahead.

HE: That's right! I'm glad I'm going to marry a girl like that.

SHE: And now about the wedding. It will be a church wedding of course.

HE: Oh, certainly.

SHE: And with regard to the trip. I've been thinking it all over, dear, and I believe, after all, a few months in Europe will be the best thing we could do.

HE (*his salary is two thousand nine hundred*): Do you think so?

SHE: Oh, yes. Then after we get back, won't it be nice to pick out a nice, cosy house? So much better than an apartment. I know just what I want.

HE: Fine!

SHE: You might buy one.

HE: Of course. That's easy.

SHE: They are so cheap now. A friend of mine got one the other day—how much *did* she pay for it? Why, it wasn't more than thirty thousand.

HE: Dirt cheap. Will one be enough?

EASTERN MANOEUVRES!

SHE: Of course, you goose! We'll need one with a stable, though. And what do you think, dear, shall it be automobiles or horses?

HE: Both!

SHE: I was afraid you might think that too expensive.

HE (*weakly*): Oh, not at all. I don't mind a little thing like that. How many servants?

SHE: Well, if we are economical, we can get along with five. And now, dear, there is only one thing more that you can help me with. When shall we have the wedding?

HE: Do you really want me to decide that?

SHE: Yes, I do.

HE: Oh, I am not particular. Say about fourteen years from to-day.

Tom Masson.

FIRST PHILADELPHIAN: Is it true that you have insomnia?

SECOND PHILADELPHIAN: Yes. Scarcely know what it is to get a good day's sleep.

HOW GREAT GRAND POP TAMED A MAD BULL.



"PAS encore" is of course a French expression, but it is also English for "stepmother."



Outside St. Bartholomew's.

THE world goes up, the world goes down—

Last Easter, dear, I sat with you
(How sweet you looked in that gray gown)
Serenely in your father's pew.
And when the prayers and chants were through
I donned my polished tile straightway,
And we walked down the avenue—
Ah, well, that was last Easter Day.

This Easter Day I wait outside
A shabby fixture in the street;
This coat I wear could scarce abide
Among the seats of the élite,
The violets he sent repeat,
No doubt, what I prayed mine to say.
Dear, do you think them just as sweet
As those you wore last Easter Day?

The world goes up, the world goes down—
I wait for just a glimpse of you,
Then take my dingy car down town
And wonder if you saw and knew.
Dear girl, you promised to be true—
To wait until your hair was gray—
I work and hope—who knows—we two
May laugh and love next Easter Day.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.



Nautical.

THE amateur yachtsman was speaking and his remarks were addressed to his wife.

"I suppose," he said, "that these tight-fitting skirts are all right, although I don't like them, and I want you to promise me that you never will go outside of the house without having the cook, or one of the children, or someone who happens to be around make a careful inspection from the rear to see that it is on straight."

"Do you imagine for a minute that I can't tell when my own skirt is on straight?" she demanded.

"I imagine," he replied, "that every woman thinks she knows when her skirt is on straight, but I also know that some of them don't."

"You must have been giving a good deal of attention to the appearance of some other women," she retorted sarcastically.

"My dear," he returned conciliatingly, "some other women have forced the matter upon my attention, and you don't know how distressing it has been. Possibly, if I had not made so much of a study of the science of navigation it

would not trouble me so much, but no sailor can see a craft of any description that does not obey its helm without being disturbed thereby."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I will explain," he said. "To-day, on the street, I happened to find myself directly astern of a young woman attired in a skirt that fitted snugly about the hips, as is the fashion now. Like most others of that description, it had a very perceptible seam that should have come directly in the center, but it didn't. Instead it was quite a bit to the right of the center, and to a yachtsman it gave the impression of a boat with its helm hard a-starboard. Now, this young woman was holding a straight course, which was entirely at variance with the whole theory of navigation. It seemed to me every minute as if she must certainly answer to her helm and turn out into the middle of the road, and when she didn't do it it gave me an uncomfortable feeling that something serious was wrong and that she ought to be put in dry-dock and overhauled. Any craft that will not answer to its helm is unsafe and should under no circumstances be allowed to leave its moorings. Of course I realized that no ordinary laws apply to a woman, but still the way she held her course seemed such a contradiction of all that my yachting experience has taught me that it made me uncomfortable. I couldn't help feeling that unless she got her helm straight she would unexpectedly swing across someone's bows and there would be a collision, and when she reached the corner and turned sharply to port with her helm still hard a-starboard I nearly had a fit. It seemed as if she were defying certain known natural laws."

Being a yachtsman's wife, she saw the force of his argument, and finished her dressing without further remark.

"My dear," she asked, when finally attired for the street, as she swung round in front of him, "is my helm on straight?"

Expert.

CATTERSON: Have you made any progress in learning to use your automobile yet?

HATTERSON (*enthusiastically*): You bet! Why I ran into a grocery wagon and two trolley cars yesterday and didn't kill a soul.



THE way of the transgressor is hard. It has to be or the large amount of travel would soon wear it out.



EASTER TIDE.

A Supposable Case.

HE: What do you think a man ought to do when he proposes to a girl?
SHE: How should I know?
HE: Well, I supposed—
SHE (*interrupting*): What are you

doing? Seeking the benefit of my experience?

HE: Not at all. I merely wished to avoid what had been said to you already.

SHE: That is not a bad idea. The best plan, after all, is to be original. You should need no model.



Captain Woodleg: MY, WHAT A BAD LINE! WHAT'S THE MATTER
Soldier: LITTLE WILLIE LEFT US OUT IN THE RAIN LAST NIGHT AND WE WARPED.

HE: Yes, that is what I am trying to avoid. But a suggestion from you—

SHE: Well, sir! I refuse!

HE: But suppose I should say, "I love you." How would that do?

SHE: That doesn't mean much.

HE: But suppose I should then say, "Will you be my wife?"

SHE: That is more definite.

HE: Don't you think that covers the case? What more can be said?

SHE: Nothing more can be said.

HE: I thought you weren't going to give any suggestions.

SHE (*indignantly*): I haven't!

HE: Oh, I thought you meant that it was time to stop talking and—

SHE: Well, what?

HE: And act. Now, suppose I should do that very thing?

SHE: That is not a supposable case. You must remember that I have had experience, and I know that you wouldn't dare do anything like that.

HE: But how do you know?

SHE: Well, from my experience with you, I am perfectly satisfied that, before you would do anything like that, you would rather sit and talk about it all the rest of the evening.

Tom Masson.



A SUPPOSABLE CASE — See page 292.

Fashion's Creed.

POSTED, that those who passed might read,

Dame Fashion framed her narrow creed:

It matters not that hearts are warm or cold,

If made of gold;

It matters not if hearts are big or small,

For wealth is all;

It matters not if hearts respond or no,

Chance makes it so;

It matters not if hearts be in disgrace,

Hide not the face;

It matters not what may the soul aggrieve,
Smile and deceive!

Love came, and knowing human need,

He stopped and read Dame Fashion's
creed—

Cried Love: "Ah! this is past relief,

Here lies the shadow of the whole world's
grief."

Montrose J. Moses.

Fame.

A FABLE.



"HELLO, Billie. What's the news?"

"Don't hear any-
thing, only that

Martine is dead. Poor chap, seems to have had a hard time of it. A little thing found among his papers tells the story. It's already in print, and I believe I have— Yes, here it is. In a hurry?"

"O no, not at all; like to hear it."

"Well, here it is:

"My God, the end is near! but fame is mine at last; it has cost me dear, but it is mine, mine, and not even death can take it from me. How well I remember in the days of my youth when the Goddess first appeared before me, how beautiful she looked with the smile, half scorn, half pity, on her face. I besought her to come near, but she held aloof, and I, listening with my whole soul, caught these words: "You ask for fame, but remember it does not come for the asking; you must work, work; you must let all else go by—love, riches, health, and happiness, for he who seeks fame has no time for these, and you must suffer. Are you ready? Are you sure you wish for fame?" I bowed my head, for I could not speak. She drew one hand from behind her, and I saw that it held a crown. "Then place this on your head; it is the Crown of Thorns, which must be worn while you earn the Crown



W.B. Gilbert

She: JONES DIED OF APPENDICITIS YESTERDAY.

Dr. Phatphee: I SUPPOSE HE LEFT HIS FAMILY UTTERLY DESTITUTE.

"NO, FORTUNATELY HE DIED BEFORE THE OPERATION WAS PERFORMED."

of Laurel." And saying this, she disappeared.

"I hastened to take the Crown of Thorns from where she had laid it, and put it on my head. It pierced and stung me, but I, in my glorious youth and health, laughed and wore it patiently. Time passed by, and gradually health failed me; I suffered day and night, until in desperation I tossed the Crown aside crying, "I can bear this no longer." But with rest from work came restlessness, and Fame tempted me once more. I worked harder than before, and at times I was rewarded with words of praise and hope ran high. The Goddess visited me again; this time she came

nearer, she smiled less scornfully, and in parting she laid one hand for an instant upon my shoulder. This gave me fresh courage, though my youth had passed, and the thorns cut deeper and healed less quickly. At last a day came when—can I write it! the Goddess stood close before me. She took me by both hands and raised me so that I could look her squarely in the face. The smile of scorn and pity was gone, and in its place a radiant look of satisfaction. Quietly she took the Crown of Thorns from my head and in its place she laid the Wreath of Laurel.

"That was but yesterday, and now to-day the end has come. It has cost me



The Professor (on the eve of a great discovery): MEMNON, DID YOU SEE THAT JOKE IN *Puck*, *Judge*, *Punch*, *Fun* LAST WEEK?

"SEE IT! WHY GRANDPA HAMESES TOLD ME THAT WHEN I WAS A BOY."

all: Health, Love, Riches, and Life itself; but the *whole world knows me*. Fame is mine, and I die content.

"Well, that is all—they found it on his desk. Hard luck, eh?"

"Yes. But I say, Bill—who was Martine anyway?"

Mrs. Charles R. Waters.

The Proper Life to Lead.

"I CANNOT understand," said Whittler, "why it is that so many fellows I know are in such awe of their wives. I don't feel that way."

"Do you mean to say," said Bilter, "that you do exactly as you please, without being influenced by anything your wife says?"

"That's exactly what I mean," replied Whittler. "This idea of losing your individuality just because you happen to be married is all nonsense. I tell you that I lead an absolutely untrammelled existence. If I feel like not going home after business, I don't go. And if I want to ask the boys in for a little game of cards, I don't hesitate to do so. I smoke all over the house, insist upon having my favorite dishes, stay home from church when I want to, rearrange the furniture to suit myself, and in fact, down to the smallest detail of my daily life, I do absolutely as I please, without let or hindrance. It's the only way to live."

Bilter regarded his friend with a look of grave suspicion.

"Well, well," he said somewhat satirically, "you are a wonder. How long have you been doing this sort of thing?"

"I have been doing it," said Whittler, calmly and complacently, "ever since my wife went to the country on a visit."

T. M.

"WHY does everybody go to Broadhead for advice?"

"Oh, he invariably advises them to do just exactly what he knows they have already made up their minds to do, whether he thinks it will be good for them or not."



Copyright, 1900, by Life Publishing Co.

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL FOR THE HUMAN
MAN NEVER IS, BUT MAN TO BE BLESSED"



INSULT TO HUMAN BREAST;
TWO BE BLESSED."

Exchange.

AT Easter-tide, I sent my love a basket full of roses.
On Easter-day, I met my love; she wore another's posies.
I frowned at first, then caught her eye—peace in my heart reposes—
Another's flowers were on her breast, but in her cheeks—*my roses.* C. R.

"The Spook in the Closet."

DOROTHY came into the library of our attenuated series of connected closets, described by the agent as an "elegant suite of modern apartments," sat down hard on the box couch which conceals her best gowns, and said:

"Ted, I'm discouraged."

"Why?" I asked, looking over the top of my paper.

"Bridget is going," answered Dorothy, dismally.

"Plague take the cooks. She only came Monday," was all I could say.

We had been flat-keeping only a little over a year, and during all that time had suffered from a malignant attack of maid. Twenty-one varieties had come with a smile from the intelligence office, and after a brief period of activity in our kitchen (our record was three weeks and four days) had departed with a sulky, uncompromising "Good bye, mum."

Their excuses had ranged from a dead aunt to a desire to visit aged parents in the old country.

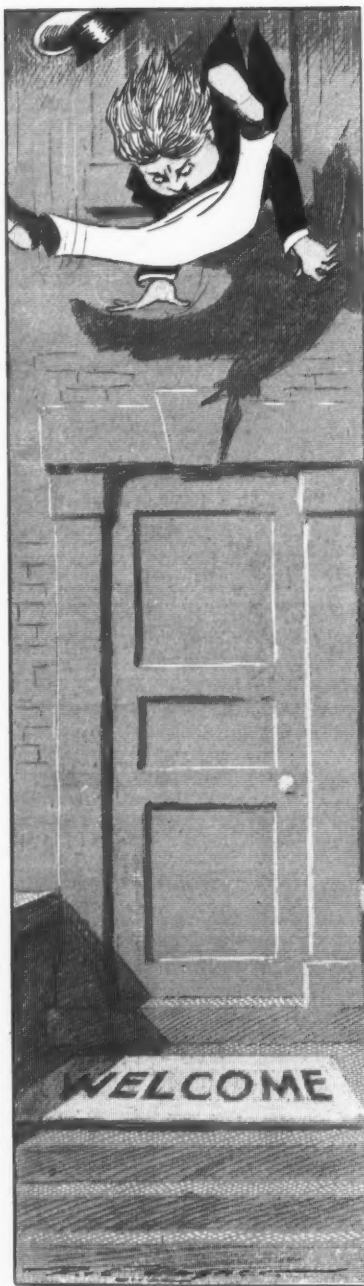
"Well, what are we going to do?" I asked, after a solemn silence.

"I don't know," sighed Dorothy, rolling up a cushion and sticking it under her elbow.

"Do you think, dear," I asked cautiously, "that you manage the maids just right?"

"Manage them!" said Dorothy, sitting up straight. "I manage them just as Bess Parker manages hers. I don't manage them at all. I get down on my knees to them. I wade through dust. I answer the bell half the time myself. They get their afternoons out and Sunday evening besides, for we always get tea ourselves on the chafing dish. I can't see that it's any more my fault that we have these lightning changes in the kitchen than it is yours."

"It can't be my fault, I seldom see them," I argued, and then seeing that Dorothy was hurt, added:



WELCOMING THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

"It's nobody's fault. It's simply downright hard luck. But we must do something to-day. What do you say to my trying to find a maid?"

"Go ahead," said Dorothy, "and good

luck to you. I'll have the fun of finding fault with you inside of a week."

The intelligence office was closed, but I found the manager and got the address of a maid he said was just the sort we wanted.

She turned out to be a hardy looking individual, too old, I thought, to have any parents this side of the grave, and her unemotional countenance led me to think that she would not become completely prostrated in the event of a sudden death among her relations' offspring. After the preliminary skirmishing had been adjusted, she looked me over from head to foot with one long searching gaze and asked:

"Have yez any children?"

"No," I answered.

"Do yez keep dogs?"

"No." I was beginning to get nervous.

"Then I'll go," she announced abruptly.

Dorothy met us at the door, and after turning over my find to her I went off to



A BAD EGG.

"I THOUGHT I WAS THROUGH WITH YOU FOR GOOD AND ALL, AND HERE YOU ARE AGAIN THE FIRST THING AFTER LENT."

enjoy a pipe, well pleased with my morning's work.

"How do you like my maid?" I asked Dorothy, when she came into the library just before luncheon.

"She'll do," answered Dorothy, "but she is as queer as gimlets."

"She's not going?" I ejaculated in alarm.

"No; but she has all the symptoms. She seemed pleasant enough when I told her about the work. Then I took her into her room and showed her where to hang her clothes, and left her changing her gown. When I went in just now she looked persimmony and was none too cordial."

"It's your imagination," I suggested. "That's her way."

"It's been the way of twenty-two of them," said Dorothy, warningly. "You can't fool me when it comes to diagnosing a cook's looks."

In the afternoon Dorothy and I took a long walk in the park to get up a good appetite for dinner. We came home through the brisk cold twilight, keen for our dinner and looking forward to a quiet, comfortable evening.

"I wonder why Katy hasn't lighted the gas," observed Dorothy, as we entered the hall.

"She's been too busy with that turkey," I remarked, hanging up my coat.

Dorothy went back to see that the dinner was progressing before we dressed, and a moment later I heard her calling:

"Ted, Ted, come here, quick."

"What's the matter?" I shouted, running down the hall.

"Nothing," said Dorothy, turning up the gas, "only Katy has gone."

"Well, I'll be—"

"Don't swear," interrupted Dorothy. "Read that."

She handed me a piece of paper that she had found on the table, impaled on the tines of a carving fork. It read:

"The place don't suit."

"Dorothy, this kitchen is bewitched," I remarked with emphasis, after the most violent of my feelings had been relieved, silently. "There's a spook here somewhere. Something drives our maids away. It will drive me to drink if I don't find it. I'm going to investigate."

I took a candle and examined the dumbwaiter and all the tubs, but there was nothing spooky about the kitchen except the turkey hanging by the heels at the window. The door of the servant's bedroom stood open and inside everything was orderly and very commonplace. I looked into the closet, and finding nothing, was about to close the door, when some writing on the under side of the first shelf caught my eye. Holding in the candle to get a good light, with Dorothy looking over my shoulder, I read this terse warning to members of the Cook Fraternity:

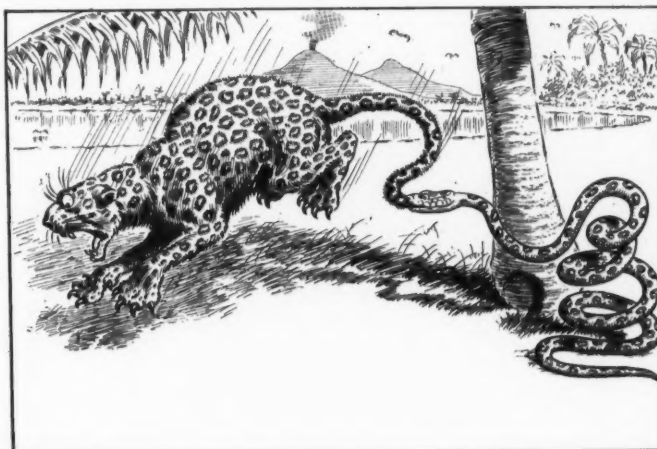
"The Missus is O. K. The Mister wears shirts with collars onto them. He has six a week. He kicks if they ain't stiff. Better git."

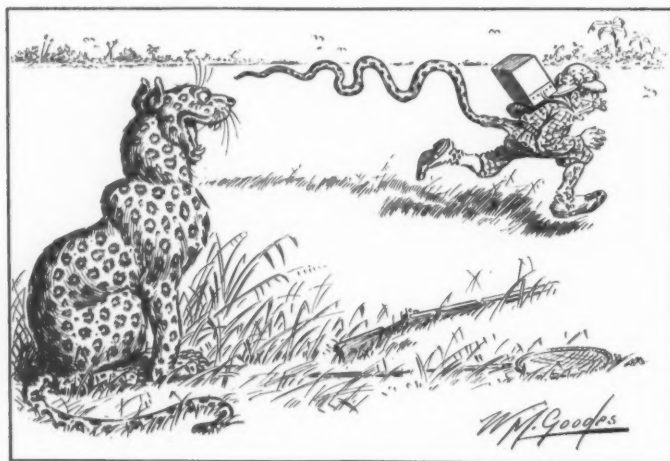
"JANE O'HOOOLIGAN."

"There's our spook," I said.

Robert Alston Stevenson.

THE MISTAKE OF A NATURALIST.





Devotion.

"DOES it hurt so much, Daisy?" asked Mr. Warmlove, solicitously.

He was sitting by his wife's bedside, fondling her hand, and trying, in his ignorant, manlike way, to comfort her. "Is it really so very painful?" he inquired, as his wife's face quivered and twitched.

"Of course it is," replied Mrs. Warmlove, tearfully and testily. "But that isn't the worst of it. Of course, of all days in the year, this was the day I had to wake up with it. Ouch! Oh-h-h! I don't see why neuralgia should have such fiendish malignancy. It's just diabolical that it should attack me to-day."

"It is too bad, Daisy; too, too bad, dear," said Mr. Warmlove, soothingly. "But I don't understand, darling, why it is worse to-day than any other. Still, you know best, sweet."

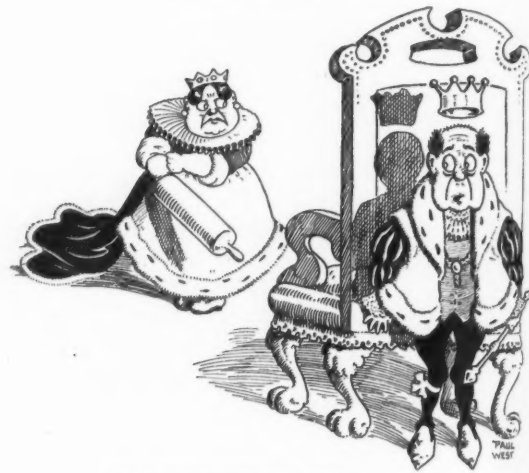
"Because it's Easter Sunday, stupid," explained Mrs. Warmlove, weepily. "And—and now I can't wear my new hat and dress to church, and—and I particularly wanted that horrid Mrs. Rivalton—I mean I particularly wanted to go to church to-day."

"But you can wear them some other Sunday," consoled Mr. Warmlove.

"That isn't Easter, and it isn't the same thing at all, and it'd be just like Mrs. Rivalton to say that I stayed home because I didn't have—I believe I will get up, and try to go after all," said Mrs. Warmlove, crossly.

"If—it—is—so—important—that—your—dress—and—hat—get—to—church—to-day," said Mr. Warmlove, slowly and ponderously, like a man weighing an heroic resolve and nerving himself to the deed, "I'll, by George, I will wear 'em myself, darling!"

Alex. Ricketts.



THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.



Dick Wittington: I'VE SPENT FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS ON THAT GIRL IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS AND NOW SHE REFUSES ME.
Sister Ruth: BUT JUST THINK OF WHAT IT WOULD COST IF SHE HAD ACCEPTED YOU.



An Aquarelle.

A MERMAID, people sometimes think,
Has nothing else to do
But to sit on the rocks
And comb her locks
The livelong summer through.

But I will tell you of Mermaid Smith,
And I'll tell you of Mermaid Brown,
Who would oft dispense
O'er the garden fence
The gossip of the town.

On summer mornings Mermaid Smith
With her apron o'er her head,
And Mermaid Brown
In a calico gown
And a sunbonnet striped with red,

At their garden gate for an hour or more
Would loiter with idle fins;

The little twirls
Of their golden curls
Done up in crimping-pins.

And Mermaid Brown would tell Mermaid
Smith

How her jellyfish wouldn't jell,
It had simmered and boiled,
'Till she feared it was spoiled.
Said Mermaid Smith, "Do tell!"

And Mermaid Smith had trouble too.
She had set her sponge to rise,
And it hadn't riz.

"What a shame that is!"
Said Mermaid Brown with sighs.

Then perhaps they'd discuss Miss Lorelie
Green

Who disappeared one day;

With a gay sea-urchin,
While her parents were searchin',
She wickedly ran away.

And the two good fishwives deeply sighed,
And expressed a heartfelt wish
That both of their daughters
In calm, placid waters
Should attend a polite school of fish.

Then one would say, "This won't do for me!
It's time my work began."

"And I must away,"
The other would say,
"I've some ocean currents to can."

And so the Mermaids, as you see,
Are very much like us:
A little work,
A little shirk,
A little fluster and fuss.

Carolyn Wells.



· LIFE ·

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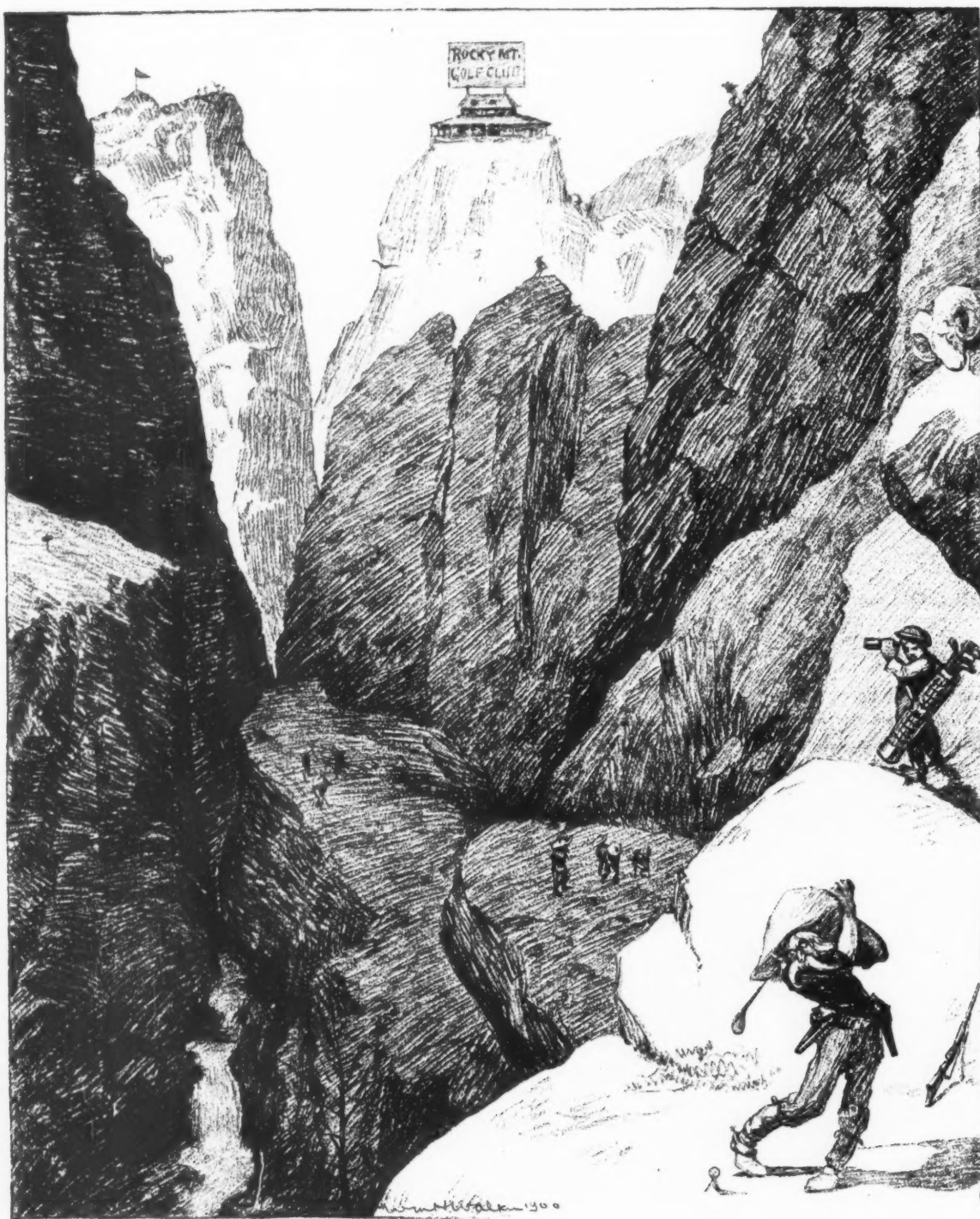
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SEVERAL years ago Colonel Jack Chinn visited Texas. He took with him a negro valet, Sam. This negro had been a slave in the Chinn family before the war and idolized his young master. One night, while in Houston, the darkey went to Chinn and said: "Massah Jack, I'se goin' out in cullud society heah to-night an' I'd like to borrow dat ivory-handled six-shotter of yours to take along."

"Why, you black rascal," returned the colonel, "some of these Houston coons will take that gun away from you and break it over your head."

The darkey straightened up. Like his master, he was a man of unquestioned nerve, and there was a peculiar glitter in his eye as he said: "Massah Jack, you let me hab dat gun, an' if I don't show up heah wid it in de mawnin' you go down to the morgue an throw down de sheet an say: 'Lawd! don't he look nacherl.'"

Colonel Chinn's body-servant was that night armed in a manner that entitled him to move in the best circles of Afro-American society in Houston.—Argonaut.

THERE is a sort of grim humor in the idea of the exclusion of automobiles from cemeteries, as instanced in the recent action of the trustees

of the Forest Hills Cemetery at Boston. As the Boston Herald remarked on the matter, "It is but fair to say that the automobiles are not headed that way." It was the senior James Fiske, we believe, who declined to subscribe toward building a fence about the village cemetery, saying that there was no use for a fence; those who were inside could not get out, and nobody who was outside wanted to get in!—Automobile Magazine.

ONE day Joseph Chamberlain was engaged in conversation with a friend in a London hotel, when a young man approached him with a diffidence that bespoke a great desire to exchange a few words with the great man or be snubbed in the attempt. "May I speak with you for a moment, Mr. Chamberlain?" he asked. "Certainly," was the ready reply, and the politician rose from his seat. "I cannot say it here," said the young man, glancing nervously around and leading the way to a remote corner of the room. Arrived there he spoke his important communication in Mr. Chamberlain's ear: "I am on the staff of the —, and I should esteem it a great favor if you will tell me what you think of the present situation in the Transvaal?"

Mr. Chamberlain started, looked sharply at him, and then his severity softening into pity for the young man's implicit, he said: "Follow me!" Leading the way like a man requiring still greater secrecy for what he had to impart, he walked through the dining-room into a passage, down some steps into the reading-room, into the drawing-room, and finally into a remote and curtained dark corner, where after a hurried glance round to make sure there were no eaves-droppers, he whispered in the young man's ear: "My friend, I really don't know anything about it!"—Omaha Clarion.

A GIRL in an English market sold a gentleman a fine fat goose, warranting it to be young. It turned out, when roasted, to be unmanageably tough.

The next day the gentleman said to the market girl: "That goose you sold me for a young one was very old."

"Certainly not," said she. "Don't you call me young?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am but nineteen, and I have heard mother say often that that goose was six weeks younger than me."—Zanesville Zephyr.

THE MAN THAT WANTS A JOB.

Man wants but little here below, and that's just what he gets, And he collars mighty little of that, unless he watches his nets; So I'm going to ask the President that will be by-and-bye, For a little Civil Service act that I've ginkletted with my eye.

I'd like to serve my country, in lands beyond the sea, For a place in the Diplomatic Corps will just about fit me; I know I'm the man—I admit it—I do not hesitate— Just calculated to adorn a first-class consulate.

I don't care where they send me— Italy, France or Spain, To Germany's icy mountains or Egypt's golden plain, I make only one condition—one's as good as a few— I want a place with plenty of space and nothing at all to do.

—R. J. Burdette,
in Los Angeles Times.

"I don't see why so many people envy a character like Napoleon."

"It's due to the native egotism of the human race. Every man imagines that if he had been in Napoleon's place he would have been considerably smarter and managed to keep away from St. Helena."

—Washington Star.

"If you had been at the Browns' golden wedding celebration last night," said the Sweet Young Thing, "you would have altered your views on matrimony."

"I wouldn't, either," said the Savage Bachelor. "If matrimony were not a fake, there would not be such a pow-wow raised over a couple that have managed to endure each other for a few years and don't you forget it!"

—Indianapolis Press.

PATIENCE: What shocking language that parrot uses!

PATRICK: Isn't it dreadful!

"Did it belong to a sailor before you got it?"

"No; to a golf player."

—Yonker's Statesman.

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ONE of the old time Southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless, and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house: "Ef you please, suh," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered. "Can't you give a poor cullud man work ter do, or somepeter at?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, Mister—very sorry, but have nothing for you."

Every one who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but about their doots and hearts against him.

Finally, he rang the bell at a brownstone front. A gentleman appeared and the old man began:

"Boss, I is starvin'. Can't you gimme some vittles?"

"You darned, back, kinky-headed, rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go around the backyard way to the kitchen, and the cook'll give you something—your black!"

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I done foun' 'em!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

MAJOR FORD H. ROGERS, of Detroit, says that the late General Clinton B. Fisk, of this city, was once addressing a Sunday school convention. One of the speakers had reminded the children that it was Washington's Birthday.

"Children," said General Fisk, "you all know that Washington was a general. Perhaps you know that I am also a general. Now, can any one tell what was the difference between General Washington and myself?"

"I know, sir," piped a small boy in the back part of the room.

"Well, what was the difference?" said General Fisk, smiling at the lad's eagerness.

"George Washington couldn't tell a lie, sir," cried the boy in exultant tones. Shouts of laughter followed, in which the General joined heartily.

—N. Y. Tribune.

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Your obedient servant,

MOSES ROSENTHAL."

—Exchange.

THE guests of the hotel were aroused by the ringing of the fire-alarm.

Mr. Smart sprang out of bed and lit the gas. "Don't be alarmed, Penelope," he said, to the frightened Mrs. Smart; "keep perfectly cool, perfectly cool. That's the only thing to do in a case of this kind. Dress yourself, my dear, and I will pack the valises."

Mrs. Smart rose and tremblingly proceeded to do as she was bid. Her husband hurried to the window and looked out. A crowd was gathering in the street below, and the engines were arriving.

"There is no immediate danger," he said; "the one thing to do is, as I said before, to keep perfectly cool. You attend to your dressing, and I will look out for everything else."

Mr. Smart bustled about, jamming garments into the valises, and carefully looking through each drawer in the dresser to see that nothing had been forgotten. There was a great hubbub and screaming in the halls outside.

"Idiots!" ejaculated Mr. Smart. "I would be willing to bet that two-thirds of the guests in this hotel will rush out without saving one single item of their personal property, besides making spectacles of themselves. I have always said that, should occasion arise, I would endeavor to preserve both property and dignity by keeping perfectly cool, perfectly cool. All ready, Penelope?" he inquired.

"Yes, Mortimer."

Here Mr. Smart threw open the hall door.

"But, Mortimer—" said Mrs. Smart. "Well, what is it, my dear? Anything you've left behind?"

"No-o; but Mortimer, don't you think we would appear more dignified if you had remembered to dress yourself?"—*Harper's Bazaar*.

A PROMINENT member of the Caledonian Society was asserting in a mixed gathering at Thistle Hall that all the great poets were of his nation.

"Well, but," said an Englishman, who was listening, "how about Shakespeare? You can't say he was a Scotchman."

To this the other replied: "But his talents would justify the supposition!"—*Lady's Bugle*.

A STORY of the Duke of Devonshire is going the rounds in London. Some inquisitive and indiscreet friend asked him what had been done at the cabinet council. The duke kept both his countenance and his temper, and replied: "Well, the truth is Lord Salisbury is getting old, and so am I, and as he speaks in rather a low tone of voice, and as I am rather hard of hearing, I can't tell you, my dear fellow, anything about it!"—*Argonaut*.

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THE Indians had bound their captive to the stake, when the conventional happy thought struck the latter. "If you burn me," he explained, "the sun will be darkened to-morrow."

"You will find," replied the Indian, "if you calculate the parallax to the forty-third decimal place, that the eclipse does not take place until the day after to-morrow." Saying which, for these simple children of the forest were all graduates of the Government schools, they proceeded with their barbaric slaughter.—*Detroit Journal*.

ONE evening, at a royal dinner party, while Great Britain was in the midst of one of the periodical war scares, Princess Mary of Teck, who had been puzzled at the inaction of the Government, asked Lord Beaconsfield, who was then Premier: "What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?"

The Prime Minister paused for a moment to take up the menu, and looking at the Princess gravely replied: "Mutton and potatoes, ma'am."—*Albany Altigator*.

Mrs. A.—It's really extraordinary! My nurse tells me that gentlemen are always stopping her in the street to admire my little girl.

Mrs. B.—How lovely she must be!

Mrs. A.—Oh, I don't know. Of course, I think her pretty, because I am her mother.

Mrs. B.—Oh, I meant the nurse, dear!—*Punch*.

HE was watching his neighbor's troublesome boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance.

"Are you afraid the lad will fall?" he was asked.

"No," he replied; "I'm afraid he won't."—*Exchange*.

"Isn't the air in the theatres vile?"

"But think of the atmosphere on the stage!"—*Yale Record*.



"I SAY, MAJOR, MY BROTHER IS AT THE FRONT, DON'T YOU KNOW—AND THE OTHER DAY HE HAD A BULLET RIGHT THROUGH HIS HELMET. WASN'T IT A LUCKY THING HE WASN'T KILLED?"

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"Do you see that feller over there wid de broom?" asked the keeper with the glass dimond.

"Whichun?" replied the visitor in the three dollar pants.

"That cock-eyed bloke wid de broom," said the keeper.

"Yes; wot's remarkable about him?" asked the visitor.

"Don't say a word about it," said the keeper, "but he's the only man in here who didn't live at the Waldorf-Astoria before he came here."—*Sing Sing Star of Hope*.

JAMES NEILL, the actor manager, engaged for one of his productions a lady amateur whose zeal outran her discretion. She could not follow instructions. She had two lines to speak in the play but was not satisfied, and made up to him at rehearsal. "Mr. Neill, I have one line in the first act and one in the second. Couldn't you give me one for the third act too?" Mr. Neill thought a minute of what trouble the girl had caused him and said: Yes, in the banquet scene of the last act you may enter and say: "Here is a ham." "Oh," she said, "do I bring a ham on with me?" "Yes, my dear," said Mr. Neill, "it is not a speech, it is a confession."—*Exchange*.

UNCLE 'RASTUS was a good old negro who lived on his master's plantation down in Georgia.

He was deeply religious. One of his frequent prayers was that the good Jesus might come and take Uncle 'Rastus home. One dark stormy night he knelt in his lonely room and prayed. It was a fervent petition. "Come, good Jesus, an' take your po' ol' servant home. He's tired and he 'count and wants to go. Come down, Lord, and take him come take Uncle 'Rastus home."

The old man paused. A knock resounded sharply on the cabin door.

"Who's dar?" said the old darkey.

"Jesus, come to take Uncle 'Rastus home."

The negro looked around, stood up and said:

"Uncle 'Rastus done moved. He don't live here no more. Go on to de nex' cabin."—*Missouri Excelsior*.

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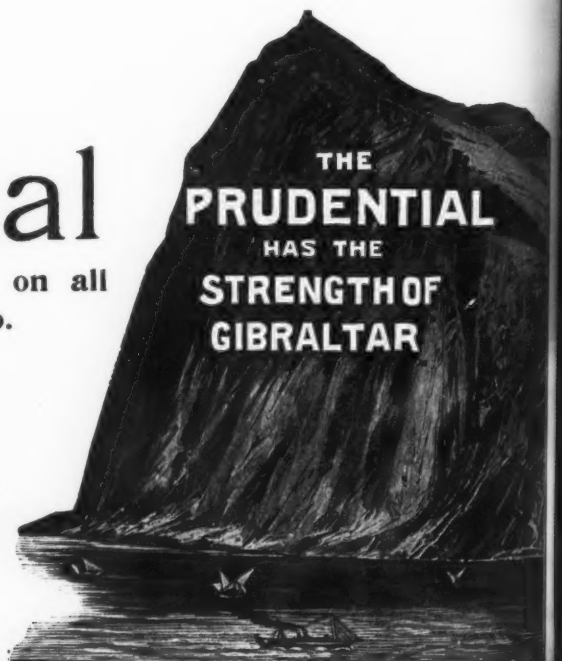
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